

Kingdom kept up their nerve-wracking "tip-tap, whick-whack, whish-whash." After this brief moment, or half of eternity, whichever it was, Brother Jones was seized upon by an irresistible, sudden impulse to go home by another route, the impulse being intensified and encouraged by the incessant "tip-tap, whick-whack, whish-whack" which now seemed to be nipping at his heels at every jump. Once out of reach and hearing of the Liberty Pole, he made a "bee-line" for his home and needless to say, he reached there is less time than eternity—much less.

In the days that followed, the story spread from tongue to tongue and from house to house and lost none of its terror in the spreading. So it happened that on the night in which this story opens, the village turned out en-masse to see what could be done about it—how to combat the sinister and invisible enemy of their peace and tranquility. Promptly at the hour of midnight, they started on their plan of attack—the men of the town, brave souls, were to take the lead, armed with axes, shovels, pitch-forks, etc., while women and girls—the weaker sex—were to back them up with their rolling-pins, broom handles, hat-pins and what-have-you, an impressive and formidable army that would certainly strike fear and terror to the blackest black ghost alive. On hands and knees in the blackness of the night, the foremost of the gallant men crept silently and cautiously up to the base of the pole—pitch-forks and other weapons of war held ready for any sudden attack or necessity—"sh-sh!" what was that? Listen! "whish-whack, whick-whack" and, and, and "something." "The Lord have mercy on us, here we are!" too close to escape, too late to retreat! Now is the time for nerve and action, nothing else to do. With a courage born by desperation, Bill Madsen took his long-handled garden rake and pushed slowly, steadily, slowly, carefully, up the side of the pole. "Sh-sh!" "Careful now!" About half-way up the pole his rake encountered "some-thing"—a some-thing loose, half solid; nibble, nibble, like a fish at the end of a line. Oh, how I wish it were, but this isn't a fish, it's "some-thing" and that's awful. Fearing the Devil had him, Bill was about to let go all holds and flee for his life. Dave Hanks prodded him with the working end of a pitch-fork; "Stay with it, ye durned fool! Stay with it! Let's see what we've got." So Bill stayed with it for one more pull and down came "some-thing" a long, light rope waiting for next year's celebration! Rope, wind and echo had intensified the sounds as to arouse the whole town.

—Lucy J. Isom.

THE STORY OF SARAH CARLISLE GILES

I crossed the plains in 1849 in a covered wagon drawn by a cow and an ox. At that time I was only four years old, but I remember that I had to stand in the front of the wagon and hold to the churn, which was fastened to the wagon box, so it would not fall off. In the evening when the cow was milked the milk was put into the churn and the next day when we camped at noon and the lid was removed, I would look in the churn and there would be butter.

Father died when I was quite young so I had to go out working, and when I was old enough, I learned to spin. One day I was at the home of Mary Crook and I met William Giles. It was not long before our friendship grew into love and we began to "keep company." When

we were courting we would often go horseback riding and hopping, that is, we would go to the hills above the town or down by the river to gather hops. Sometimes I sold them to housewives. They poured boiling water over a handful and after they had steeped for half an hour, the water was drained off and put into yeast.

When we decided to get married, I started making a trousseau, but when I sewed I had to do it by moonlight, because I had to go out working in the daytime. One night I closed the door very quietly and lighted the candle which I had got without my mother knowing of it. I had just started working on my pillow cases when mother came, put out the candle and told me not to use the candle anymore as we were too poor to buy candles; and we could not always get the fat to make them. Thereafter my sewing was done by moonlight. —Ethel Johnson.

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FOLK SONGS AND BALLADS

In the little town of Lehi just thirty miles from Salt Lake City dwelt a happy couple, William Bone, Sr., and his wife, Mary Wagstaff Bone. For religious freedom they had come from far away England. Mary was a kind, loving, devoted wife and mother. In addition to raising her own family of five children, she cared for and mothered two of her daughters' families, one of four and the other of three. She was a wonderful mother, naturally very religious and talented.

She had been afflicted for years with a cancer on her breast. At that time there were no doctors or medical science to relieve the suffering; but throughout it all she was a most patient, kind, and cheerful sufferer. It was while suffering with this terrible cancer that she composed and wrote our beloved hymn, "Farewell All Earthly Honors." At one time in fast meeting she walked to the stand and sang her own song in a low, sweet voice. This was shortly before her death, October 25, 1875.

FAREWELL ALL EARTHLY HONORS

Farewell all earthly honors, I bid you all adieu;
Farewell all sinful pleasures, I want no more of you.
I want my habitation on that eternal soil,
Beyond the powers of Satan, where sin cannot defile.

I want my name engraven among the righteous ones.
Who worship God, the Father, and wear a righteous crown.
For such eternal riches, I'm willing to pass through
All needed tribulations, and count them my just due.

I'm willing to be chastened, and bear my daily cross;
I'm willing to be cleansed from every kind of dross.
I see a fiery furnace, I feel its piercing flame;
The fruit of it are holy, the gold will still remain.

There Christ Himself has promised a mansion to prepare,
And all who serve Him truly, the victor's wreath shall wear.